Only Fresh Tea Good "SALADA" TEA

T56

Sealed air-tight. Fresh and delicious.

HIS BROTHER'S WIFE

by RUDY AYRES

BEGIN HERE TO-DAY.

The marriage of Dolly and Nigel Bretherton proves unhappy. When war is declared, Nigel is glad to enlist. He leaves Dolly under the care of Mary Furnival. Nigel is killed and Dolly marries an old sweetheart and sails for America with him.

When Nigel's brother, David, calls to see Nigel's widow, Mary is ashamed to tell him of Dolly's marriage. David mistakes Mary for his brother's wife and takes her to live at Red Grange with his aunt. Monty Fisher tells David that he knows that Mary is not Nigel's widow and David says he has already found that out.

When Mary sees Monty at Red Grange she fears exposure and runs away. David starts out to find Mary.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

"I don't think it is anything like that, dear," he said. He laid his hand on her trembling one. "Monty is going to find her for us. Even in London it is not possible to hide forever, you know."

"But why should she want to hide?" asked Miss Varney, brokenly. "I did my best to make her happy. I am sure I loved her dearly. As if I could ever be unkind to dear Nigel's wife!"

There was a little pause. The servants had left the room. Then David said suddenly, almost inaudibly:

"But she was not Nigel's wife, dear."

CHAPTER XLIX.

NOT NIGEL'S WIFE.

For a moment Miss Varney stared blankly at her nephew, then she drew herself up with a sort of prim dignity.

"Really, David, I don't think it's quite nice of you to make jokes like that—if you meant it for a joke," she added with gentle rebuke. "Especially at such a time, when we are all so worried and unhappy."

David raised his eyes. There was something in their expression that would have told her without words that what he had said had been spoken in deadly earnest.

"I did not mean it for a joke," he said quietly. "Mary was never Nigel's wife! It's all been a—mistake!" He seemed to be choosing his words carefully; his grave face had paled a little.

Miss Varney looked at Fisher helplessly. She wondered for a moment if David's head were turned; she pushed her chair back a little with a nervous gesture.

"David dear!"

"It's quite true, Miss Varney," Monty Fisher interposed. "David is quite right in what he says. The lady who has been staying here with you is not, and never was, Nigel's wife!"

There was a tragic silence.

"I don't understand! You look as if you were speaking the truth, both of you. But—oh, it can't be true! She would never have deceived us so! Why, she told me herself how dearly she loved Nigel; how all her happiness died when he died."

"That is true enough," said David. "I believe she did love Nigel, but she was never his wife." He smiled a little, meeting Miss Varney's puzzled eyes. "I can't explain things any better to you, dear," he went on, "because I don't know the true explanation myself. But when we find Mary—"

"We may never find her," said Miss Varney chokingly. "Oh, poor child—poor child. David, is this why she ran away?"

"I think it must be. You see, she recognized Monty when he came yesterday; he had known her years ago. I suppose she thought that he would tell me—"

He broke off with a feeling of bitter anger against himself.

Why had he not let Mary know that he already knew her secret? Why had he allowed her to suffer the torture of fear of discovery?

He had hoped that she would tell him of her own free will. Apparently it had been a vain hope.

He was restless and miserable. He told Monty that he should go back to London with him. By early evening both men were at the Fishers' house.

"You will stay with us, of course?" Monty had said. And David had agreed. He was in no mood for loneliness; he was glad of the offer.

Dora was amazed to see them. She was vexed that she had not taken more trouble with her appearance that evening; she need not have minded. David never noticed a woman's clothes, and just now his thoughts were too occupied with Mary to care for anything else.

"Mary is missing—she left the house this morning."

"And what has brought you to town?" Dora demanded, smiling into his eyes across the dinner-table. "Anything to do with the mysterious telegram?"

For a moment David looked puzzled; then he smiled.

"Oh, that! We haven't discovered yet who it is from."

But he did not answer her question, and she did not like to refer to it again. In spite of her protestations that she could manage any man she chose, she was a little afraid of David. He was too indifferent to her beauty, too heedless of her fascinations.

It was only much later, when Monty was going to his room for the night, that she called softly to him across the landing.

He went to her at once.

"What is all this mystery? Why has David come to town?"

He hesitated, then he told her.

"Mary is missing—she left the house this morning."

"Missing! What do you mean? Have they quarreled?" There was a touch of eagerness in her voice.

Monty shook his head.

"No, I am sure they have not. But she has gone. Her bed was not slept in last night."

"But she will come back! How absurd! As if she would run away from a home like that! She knew too well which side her bread was buttered."

"David does not think she will ever come back."

Her eyes were incredulous.

"Monty! How perfectly ridiculous! Of course she will!" She stared at him with a frown between her brows. "What has she done?" she demanded truculently. "Has she—perhaps she has stolen something?"

"Dora!"

"Well, you always said she was an adventuress. I should not be surprised if she has done something like that, and David has turned her out of the house."

"He has not turned her out; he has come to London to try and find her."

The hot color dyed her cheeks; her eyes grew angry.

"You are not telling me the whole truth; you are keeping something back. This woman seems to have bewitched you all. Monty you are unkind, when you know how interested I am in David. I believe you are helping this woman to take him away from me."

"You don't believe anything of the sort, and if you speak so loudly David will hear."

"I don't care if he does." But she lowered her voice.

She looked very beautiful, standing there in the uncertain light. Her long, golden hair was unbound and falling below her waist. She wore a loose white wrapper, heavily trimmed with dainty lace, that suited her to perfection.

For a moment there was silence, then she burst out with a sort of chagrined triumph.

"There is one thing—she can't marry him; she is his brother's wife! There would be an awful scandal."

Monty frowned. Sometimes, much as he loved and admired his sister, she jarred his nerves.

"A man may marry his brother's wife if he chooses," he said.

She answered quickly:

"But David never would. He would never like the kind of woman Nigel liked. How can you suggest that he would ever take a fancy to a common woman like Nigel's wife?"

"I suggest nothing. It was entirely your own idea."

She made an impatient gesture.

"Why does he want to find her? Something must have happened. If you don't tell me, I shall ask David."

"I can't prevent you."

Her mood changed suddenly. She slipped a coaxing hand through his arm.

"Monty, don't you love me any more? You've been so horrid to me lately. Why is it?"

He slipped an affectionate arm round her.

"Silly child! Just because I won't tell you everything you want to know."

She drew away from him. Her eyes were angry again.

"Then you are keeping something back from me!"

He hesitated, finally he stooped, and brushed her soft cheek with his lips.

"I am only keeping it back for your good."

"My good! What rubbish you talk! How can it be for my good not to tell me things about Nigel's stupid wife?"

There was subdued passion in her voice; she pushed him angrily away.

Monty lost his temper; he let her go.

"Very well, then, if you insist, I will tell you. She is not Nigel's wife—this girl—that is the whole truth!"

CHAPTER L.

"A WOMAN SCORNED"

He was sorry as soon as he had spoken. The whiteness of her face touched him. He tried to take back his words or soften them; he began in a stumbling explanation, but she cut him short.

"Is this true—really true?"

He answered miserably that it was.

She stood for a moment staring at him with blazing eyes, then she turned and left him; and he heard the shutting and locking of her door.

He hesitated, not liking to leave her, and yet longing to get away; he listened, but everything was quiet, and he went softly to his own room.

After all, it was just as well she should know now as later; the shock would only be made worse by delay.

But behind her locked door Dora Fisher stood with clenched hand, and blue eyes blazing in her white face.

Bitter jealousy set her heart on fire; not jealousy because she loved David, but jealousy to think that another woman, not so beautiful or fascinating, should have succeeded where she herself had failed.

(To be continued.)

Good taste and good health demand sound teeth and sweet breath.

The use of Wrigley's chewing gum *after every meal* takes care of this important item of personal hygiene in a delightful, refreshing way—by clearing the teeth of food particles and by helping the digestion.

The result is a sweet breath that shows care for one's self and consideration for others—both marks of refinement. Ask for

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WRIGLEY'S

ISSUE No. 40—'26.

Big Money for Ford Owners

Selling Eclipse Shock Absorbers, Spring Controls and Lubricator. Write for particulars.

The W. G. ASTLE SALES Co.
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"IDEAL Fashions" by Jean Belle Hamilton

1434

SMART LITTLE ONES GO SIMPLY CLAD.

Dressing the tiny Miss of two to eight is no less an art than providing lovely clothes for her mother or older sister. One of the prettiest and simplest frocks any little girl could have is pictured here, and one which busy mothers can make up in a very short time, for it just has a group of shirrings either side of the front and in the centre back. A simple chain stitch of colored silk floss is worked over each row of gathers, lending a bright touch, and holding the fulness firmly in place. Shirrings are again seen on the wrists of the full sleeves and pockets, while two-piece bloomers make this a most practical dress. No. 1434 is in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material; or 1⅝ yards 54-inch. 20 cents.

Our Fashion Book, illustrating the newest and most practical styles, will be of interest to every home dressmaker. Price of the book 10 cents the copy.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number and address your order to Pattern Dept., Wilson Publishing Co., 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Yet Another Use for the Phonograph.

No new movement can apparently take place without calling in the aid of the phonograph. It is now to be used—and not for the first time—in connection with the laws which should guide the preservation of good health in the individual and in the community.

Speaking of the popularization of physical culture, Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, president of the New Health Society, in Great Britain, recently wrote in a letter to the editor of the London Morning Advertiser:

"Thus far we have been very largely concentrating our teaching upon the first of these two rules of living; what we now propose to do is to combine with this teaching of correct diet suggestions for the adequate daily exercise of the human body.

"Of these I need at present, say, nothing more than that we do not view with favor that current tendency which is causing the modern girl to ape the modern boy; that other which is tempting all of us to forego the ancient use of our own limbs.

"At the moment our ladies' council are forming an influential sub-committee on the subject, and during the present month we hope to present a selected course of phonograph exercises at an inaugural meeting, which we anticipate will be followed up by others in the many centres throughout Great Britain, where the New Health Society is attracting to itself a host of friends."

This letter is quoted merely to show another of the many uses to which the phonograph is put in the interests of humanity at large.

A Native's Huge Skull.

What is believed to be the biggest human scull in the world was discovered recently in South Africa, says a writer in "Popular Science Monthly." It belonged to a native who died a short time ago, and was found to measure 8L inches in length and have a capacity of 122 cubic inches.

The discovery of this huge skull in a present-day native is claimed by some anthropologists to strengthen the theory that Africa was the cradle of the entire human race.

Making it Easier.

Nervous Patient—"For weeks I've been fighting a terrible desire to kill myself."

Doctor—"Tut, tut!"

Nervous Patient—"But I've decided that suicide is a sin; so I've come to you."

Minard's Liniment for bruises.

Sweet Autumn.

When winter turns to spring,
Birds that were songless make their songs resound.
Flow'rs that were flow'rless cover all the ground;
Yet 'tis no perfect thing;—
I cannot walk, so tangled is each hill;
So thick the herbs I cannot pluck my fill.
But in the autumn tide
I cull the scarlet leaves and love them dear,
And let the green leaves stay with many a tear,
All on the fair hill-side:—
No time so sweet as that, away! away!
Autumn's the time I fain would keep alway.

—Translated from the Japanese of Ohogimi, by Bisil Hall Chamberlain.

Radicals.

Diner—"These sardines are terrible!"

Waiter—"But they're imported, sir."

Diner—"Well, they ought to be deported, every one of them."

"Dawn Over the Rideau."

Swathed in softest gray and with footsteps quiet and muffled,
Dimly the dawn crept in through the opening Eastern gateway.

Over the silver water, a floating film of chiffon
Veiled the dim reflections glimmering faint in the shadows
Like rare thoughts half-concealed, changing and ever changing
The light in moving depths of eyes that are gray and dreaming.

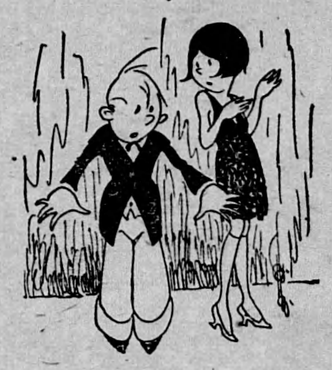
Now the heavy cloud curtains softly lifted and drifted;
The silver coin of the sun changed to the palest yellow
Then to its own golden seeming against the soft blur of the heavens.

Smoky wisps of chiffon, lightly curling and clinging
Carossed the quiet face of the silvery slumberous water,
Then they scattered in fading loops before the first wind of the morning
That swept a pathway of rippling gleams down the water's shining ribbon,
Blowing them lightly away through the open gates of the morning.

Where was the pearly dawn with her heavy necklace of silver?
Trailing diaphanous robes through the lovelyl eaves of the maple,
She had gracefully swept away as the brilliant September sunshine
Gave to the shimmering, full-blown morning her cue to enter
Gowned in garments golden of Autumn's earliest weaving.

—Erica Selfridge.

Minard's Liniment for toothache.



Hubby—"Why, woman, you don't know the meaning of the word 'economy'."

Wife—"Don't eh? Well, when I picked a husband, I got the cheapest one in the world.'

Pears Are Popular.

It may surprise many to learn that pears are the most popular of the fruits put up by Canadian Canning Companies. Latest statistics show that over twice as many cases of pears (300,000) are marketed as compared to apples, (135,000) and over three times as many as compared to peaches, (85,000). Plums and cherries come next in popular favor with 60,000 and 50,000 cases respectively.

BAKE YOUR OWN BREAD WITH

ROYAL YEAST CAKES

The standard of Quality for over 50 years

Of Quiet Things.

I marvel at the quiet things of earth,
How strong they are!
The pine that stands, but whispering, on the hill,
May journey far
And proudly bear its tiers of towering sails—
And what but frost
Could build a solid bridge so silently,
Its arches bossed
In cavern crystal? The quiet touch of rain
Can wear the hills
Into new shapes and change the ancient ways
Of stubborn rills.
And last is love—strong with the singing pride
That pines attain,
Like frost for beauty, and invincible
As patient rain.

—Ruth Aughiltree.

A New Lake.

That the Northern interior of Canada still offers many a thrill to the explorer is indicated by the fact that engineers from the Department of the Interior in their field work of last year ran across a lake 150 miles long which had never been shown on a map before. There are some vast tracts untrodden by the white man, that offer their challenge to the adventurer and explorer.

Have a Care for Color.

Man has apparently become careless about one of the most important items in his environment—color. As soon as he realizes fully the inhibitive and repressive influence of drab, uninteresting color surroundings, the vistas about will be immediately transformed. Man has always conquered or changed conditions unfavorable to his best development. There is no reason to believe that he will not rise to the the present situation and reinstate into his daily life the color which is so important to his well being.

No Boiling — No Rubbing
Just Rinse with Rinso

A package of Rinso is a package of miniature soap bubbles.

You simply dissolve for 25 seconds the tiny bubbles in hot water, soak the clothes a couple of hours, or overnight, rinse them well in clean water and—that's all.

Result—clean, sweet-smelling clothes, hours of time saved and the hard work changed to just rinsing.

Rinso dissolves the dirt, you rinse it out.

You will never know how easy it is to do the washing until you've used Rinso, the greatest time and labour saver the housewife has ever known.

Rinso

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